

## The Evening World.

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## STEEL PATRIOTS.

IT NOW appears that the British ordnance firm of Hadfield's, Limited, which offers to supply the United States Navy with 14 and 16 inch projectiles at figures from \$144 to \$237 less per shell than the prices which American companies proposed to exact, can back up its bid with the ratification of the British Government. Not only can Hadfield's promise delivery in half the time demanded by American concerns, but it can get to work on the contracts at once. The British Navy has an adequate surplus of shells of these sizes and kinds.

It is to be hoped no part of the lesson will be lost on American steel manufacturers, who, unaware of foreign competition among the bidders, thought this an opportune time to squeeze war profits out of their own Government.

This is not the first occasion upon which foreign bidding has saved Uncle Sam from being mulcted by steel corporations that prosper under his protection. A statement from Mr. H. A. Gillis, the Washington representative of Hadfield's, recalls that in January, 1914, several foreign firms, including his own, bid on a shell contract for the United States Navy.

"But the American manufacturers, knowing that foreign competition had been invited, cut prices from \$685 as low as \$315 for 14-inch projectiles, and the Navy Department claimed to have saved a million dollars through our competition."

By some singular concatenation of circumstance the Bethlehem Steel Company notified the Navy Department last Friday that it will cut 10 per cent. off the prices it quoted recently for steel forgings and castings for the new battle cruisers called for in the Naval Expansion Bill.

Can American steel manufacturers be startled into patriotism only by the shock of disconcerting bids from abroad?

"The world's history records no parallel case of a power victorious all along the line voluntarily walking along the path of humility, abating the violence of its righteous anger against a treacherous and implacable foe."—German Press Comment.

Nothing in Germany's peace move but the quality of mercy—unstrained!

## WHICH WAY?

THE automobile industry claims it now rivals the railroads and the steel business as an index of prosperity.

Therefore persons interested in prosperity—even from positions once or twice removed—can get a first rate line on it by going this week to the Automobile Show, which, needless to say, New York welcomes as the biggest and best to date.

One billion eighty-eight million twenty-eight thousand two hundred and seventy-three dollars the country spent for motor vehicles last year, \$921,378,000 of which went for passenger cars. The total output of all classes of cars reached 1,617,708, an increase of 80 per cent. over the 892,618 turned out in 1915.

Nobody has to be reminded these days what the automobile has done for pretty much every class in the community, including the farmer and his family, who have forgotten what isolation and loneliness mean. Nobody needs to be told what it has done toward saving time, multiplying facilities for business, widening recreation areas and improving roads.

The automobile is accepted with cheers. What a lot of people would like to know now is how cheap it is going to get? Some makes are already down to figures that look fairly reasonable. Will it ever be possible to keep a motor car for less than it used to cost to keep a horse and buggy? Will as many people be convinced that they can afford the one as were formerly persuaded they must have the other two?

For a long time bicycles were sold at prices around \$100 and over. The time came when some of the best could be had for \$30. Typewriters have shown a similar tendency. Sewing machines earlier went through a course of progressive cheapening.

Will it be the same, relatively, with automobile prices? Will they move further to meet incomes, or must the latter go all the way and more?

The eclipse of the moon this morning occurred, it happens, on the anniversary of the death of the first man who fashioned a telescope and turned it on the lunar secrets.

Galileo's first observations through his "little tube with glass ends," which magnified thirty times, were of the surface of the moon, which he discovered to be rough and irregular. What he saw subsequently through that or slightly better "tubes"—the satellites of Jupiter, the crescent form of Venus, the rings of Saturn, the spots on the sun—above all, his bold assertion that the planets probably revolve about the sun, scandalized beyond measure the early seventeenth century philosophers, one of whom swore that he "would never grant that Italian his new stars though he should die for it."

The Inquisition clapped an extinguisher upon Galileo and his theories. Under that extinguisher he lived quietly and resignedly until he died Jan. 8, 1642—the man who first gave shape and force to the inextinguishable truth which was to become the centre and pivot of all modern astronomy.

## Letters From the People

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Let me know what day of the week Feb. 8, 1917, fell on. J. A. G.

Five to Fifty Cents.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Let me know the value of a one-cent piece 1857 flying eagle? O. G.

Saturday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Let me know on what day of the week July 4 came on in 1862.

American.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To decide a bet—If I am a Jew born in Germany, came to America, and received my American citizenship papers, what nationality am I? L. C.

25 to 75 cents.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the value of a 1797 half-penny? L. M.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please let me know what days April 4, 1897, and April 1, 1896, fell on. A. H. W.

Five to Twenty-Five Cents.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly inform me what the value is of a large penny dated 1798.

D. E. W.

Calla "Destiny" Best Story.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Allow me to state that "Destiny," just published in your paper, was one of the best stories I ever read. C. S.

25 to 75 cents.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the value of a 1797 half-penny? L. M.

## Cartoons for Women

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



"I don't care if my husband does go broke. I'm going to dress well."

## Telephone Talk

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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"GET OUT of this, this is a busy wire!"

It was a very harsh voice that said this to me as I was waiting at the telephone for my number. When I suggested that she might be on a busy wire she called more boisterously "Keep off of this!" And in order to get away from that high pitched sound I hung up, left my number go until I could again reach "Central."

I could not help reflecting, that if I had gone to this woman's door by mistake, rung the bell and asked the number of a house near her, if this woman would have answered "Get out of this. You are in the wrong place!"

Of course not. She could not have had the "face" to do it. Yet when unseen she has the "voice" to do it.

Like the ostrich she hides her head in the sand and thinks no one sees her. If the friend she was trying to get, heard her manner to me, I am confident she fell somewhat in the estimation of that friend.

I should not want to know such a woman. She is a selfish creature. She would turn a deaf ear to the need of any one but her own. She would withhold the helping hand to the strange human.

She thinks that she was made for everything and that everything was made for her.

She is the kind of person that recognizes her own rights and forgets those of others. She would push in a crowd and grab the last life-preserver away from her grandmother.

Why is it that people put on their company manners when they see you and forget to don even the light coat of courtesy in long distance?

There is much to be said about telephone talk. On the heartaches and sorrows and kindnesses that come over the wire cannot be estimated!

MAN meets a "goddess," falls in love with a "siren," woos a "queen," proposes to an "angel"—and wakes up to find that he is married to a perfect stranger.

It really isn't hard to please a woman; the average man's difficulty arises from his foolish attempt to please two or three of them at the same time.

Just about as a bachelor is convinced that he has found "the only girl in the world," he meets another one, and discovers that he was mistaken.

It costs less to consult your heart, your income and your judgment before marriage than it does to consult a lawyer afterward.

A diplomatic genius is a man who can think quickly enough to answer "The sweetest woman in the world!" when a feminine voice says "Guess who this is!" over the telephone.

Waiting until after you fall in love to find out about a man's character or a woman's temper is like waiting until your house catches on fire before taking out a policy.

Once a girl has laid her head on a man's shoulder and acknowledged that he is "big and strong and wise" enough to be her lord and master, she can do pretty much as she pleases with him.

Never judge a woman's love by the price her husband puts on it in an "alienation" suit.

In matrimony, as in motoring, the "smash-up" is always the other person's fault.

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Don't make engagements with the thought that you can telephone and change them. Too long has the telephone been the dealer of disappointment.

Don't always be "in a conference" when a person calls with whom you don't wish to talk. It is like the wolf story—it won't work all the time. Be frank about it.

Don't have another person called when you are "busy on another wire." Don't tell the secret of your soul on a party line.

Remember the central is strictly disciplined and may not answer your abuse as you deserve. You are taking unfair advantage.

Realize that the largest switchboard may be fully occupied.

Don't ask too many questions to learn if you have the right person. Ask the most direct thing.

Remember the telephone is a temporary speaking apparatus and not a tea party.

And, above all, think of the person directly before you and accord him the courtesy accordingly.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"Sealskin sacks," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Has your wife got any diamonds?" asked Gus.

"My wife Lena has two big, fine yellow ones that go in her ears."

"Yes, Mrs. Jarr has some jewelry," replied Mr. Jarr, "but her diamonds are not big and yellow. But what has that to do with Rafferty?"

"Well, Rafferty is the smart feller," said Gus. "He has tired of buying Christmas presents for his wife, and what he is going to do next Christmas we can do, what?"

"What's he going to do?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Gus burst into a roar of laughter.

"I don't think I shall tell you what it is; it is something I keep to laugh at myself," said Gus, "but Rafferty is a smart feller."

"Well, out with it!" said Mr. Jarr. "But you and Rafferty are way behind the times. Christmas and New Year are all over. You and he should be thinking about Easter and the real national holiday—April Fools!"

"A wise man forgets everything," said Gus solemnly. What this meant

"Oh, you're thinking of the old story that the ostrich hides its head in the sand and thinks it's hidden from the hunter," replied Mr. Jarr.

"I knew it was something like that," said Gus. "But then ostriches are big birds. People are afraid to shoot them, because when they hit they might fall down on you out of the air and kill you. What did you get your wife for Christmas? Mine got von of them sealskin bags."

"And my wife has one what is such an ostrich. That's the name of the bird that takes his head out the sand and sticks it in the mud, ain't it?" said Gus.

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## Fifty Boys and Girls Famous in History

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 35. RAMEAU, the Boy Prodigy.

HE was destined to be the foremost musician of his day. But he was forced to fight for every step of his long journey to fame. And the fight began when he was only six years old.

He was Jean Philippe Rameau, son of a church organist in Dijon, France. From babyhood music was as a second language to him. At first his father was well pleased with the little fellow's queer aptitude for melody. He even bragged that the child was a prodigy.

But presently Jean's family began to worry. The boy was six years old and would not take the trouble to learn his letters. He would not even play with other children, but spent his every waking hour in studying music.

He was packed off to boarding school. But in an amazingly short time he was expelled. A letter from the school's Principal explained that Jean used to sing to himself during recitations, jotting down musical notes on his copy book and that he even replied in song to his teachers' examination questions.

The Dijon organist pleaded with the Principal to take Jean back, declaring that he himself had thrashed the nonsense out of him, and that a few occasional whippings from the Principal would doubtless make the lad a model pupil.

It was an age when Solomon's maxim of "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was vigorously enforced, both at home and in schools. A modern teacher who should inflict such merciless punishment on a pupil

as was then the fate of all schoolboys would be sent to prison for gross cruelty. A bunch of tough wooden switches and canes was part of the regular equipment of every schoolroom. Study hours were long; holidays were short and few; beatings were as common as demerit marks.

Back to school went the unhappy Jean Rameau. And, as before, he was so absorbed in music that he unconsciously sang aloud in class-room. He was whipped brutally and frequently.

"They flogged me," he wrote later, "until I cried. But I cried in tune."

When whippings failed to cure him he was locked for a day in a dark cupboard. He spent that day of darkness in composing a song of despair. (This song, by the way, is the principal aria in his opera "Dardanus.") The Principal gave up the task of breaking the sensitive child's spirit, and once more expelled him.

The elder Rameau at last realized that Jean could never be anything but a musician. So he sent him to Italy to complete his musical education. There the happy lad threw himself heart and soul into the study of his adored profession.

By the time he reached his thirteenth year he was so brilliant an organist that he was engaged to play at the great cathedral at Clermont, France. In hiring him as organist, the authorities made him sign a contract to remain in the cathedral's service for a term of years.

Jean was willing enough to do this. For a time everything went well. Throngs of people flocked to hear the marvelous boy organist. Jean was thoroughly contented with his position. Then he paid a visit to Paris. And at once he saw that the French capital was the only possible place for his career to develop as he wished it to.

He begged the Clermont authorities to free him from his contract. They refused. Next day there was to be a great organ recital. Rameau seated himself at the instrument and began to play. At first the notes swelled forth in solemn beat. Then, suddenly, under the boy's deft fingers, the organ began to play two tunes at a time—one sacred and one operatic.

The big audience was aghast. But a minute later a hideous series of crashing discords shook the whole building. The organ was now playing three airs at once, and playing them horribly. The recital broke up in confusion. Rameau was asked to explain. He answered gravely:

"I think the organ is bewitched. I think it will keep on being bewitched until I am allowed to go to Paris."

The authorities, after a stormy conference, released Jean from his contract. He hurried to Paris. There his real career began—a career that was to make him immortal in the world of music.

## You and Your Job

By Willis Brooks

Article No. 7.

LET us assume that you have secured a job as salesman. Your first task is to become thoroughly acquainted with your stock. It is not enough to know the names and prices of the goods. You should make yourself familiar with every process of their manufacture.

Usually in large stores the department buyers furnish this information to their sales people, but, even so, it will pay you to dig deeper for knowledge. One of the leading sales managers of New York tells me that when he began as a salesman he devoted two or three evenings a week to encyclopedic study of how the different kinds of goods in his stock were made, where the raw materials came from and how they were produced. He says this information has been of inestimable value to him ever since.

It is also well to search out new uses to which your goods may be put. It often happens that an article designed for one purpose may have many other uses. A clever salesman once sold an alarm clock to me by telling me how I could make it useful in my office.

"Suppose you have an engagement at 4 o'clock," said he. "Set the alarm for that hour and banish the whole matter from your mind."

I bought the clock and found it a valuable aid. I could buckle into my work with undivided mind, sure that I would be informed when the hour arrived. Later, recovering from an illness, I had to wear a certain medicine every two hours through the day. Keeping half my mind on the clock seriously interfered with my work. After I had missed the medicine several times I hit upon the plan of setting the alarm clock to remind me; and every time I did it I thought of that salesman who had first suggested to me that such a clock may be used for other purposes than waking one in the morning.

It is also a good idea to learn all you can of goods which are sold in competition with yours. I recently saw in a store window an article marked \$3.98. In another article which I do most of my trading because the manager is my friend, a salesman showed me what appeared to be a duplicate of that article, quoted at \$4.75. When I asked him why his price was 77 cents above the competitor's he could not tell me.

For friendship's sake I took the matter to the other store to make my purchase, as most customers would have done. There I learned what the salesman should have been able to tell me—that the competitor's article was really an imitation.